

OLD-FASHIONED CAMP MEETING...

When the Shorter Spoken Intense
Excitement Relieved—Manifestations
of Grief and Repentance...

JIMMY JONES had volunteered the information that there was going to be a camp meeting over in "Frisbie's woods," and a crowd soon volunteered to go over in the evening and hear the services. Camp meetings constitute a phase of summering that is always looked forward to with satisfaction by the duty-bound devotee, and always duly visited by the outsider, in the vicinity for the variety, excitement and novelty ever presented. It is here, "close to nature's heart," that the enthusiastic young churchman finds new zeal for his religious fervor, while to

A perfect stampede, was now made for the mourners' bench, or mercy seat. One young colored woman toppled over with a moan and lay perfectly still. Two young girls of about 14 clung to each other and cried, "Oh, save me! Oh, forgive my sins!" The old gray-bearded man to the left kept up his rapid ejaculations of "Save me, rescue me, oh, that I may be forgiven!" at the same time rubbing his hands together in an ecstasy of religious fervor.

It was a lurid sight—tense with the rapt and agonized faces of excited humanity, colored and white arms, and tear-stained cheeks, the flying tresses of young girls, and the white locks of old men. Nothing but the strong emotional excitement could have produced such a result.

In broad common daylight, however, the scene had more of the cheering and cozy characteristics of real outdoor enjoyment. Bright voices rang out with the earliest birds, here and there a pretty face would intrude from canvas folds with a chatty "Good morning!" while practical dames and misses hovered about the stores under the trees, looking after the temporal needs of the community, and preparing appetizing dishes, partaken of with keen zest by hungry elders and by ravenous younger members of the encampment.

A certain picnic flavor invariably pervades the scene in the day time, but only to gradually dissipate as dark comes on, and shadows and silence begin to tell on the voices and frames of the mourners, and the cries become less and frequent, the excitement dies down entirely and silence reigns supreme. Over the darkened grove and above the tall oaks and hickories the white clouds float, and a glorious moon rises full and free to a golden harbor far southward.

Dogs to Guard the Louvre. Though the "diving dogs" of the Parisian river police have been rather



"GOOD MORNING!"

the ancient idler it is an occasion when conventional trammels are relaxed, and stentorian voice and freedom of natural gesture aid him in expressing "the faith that is within him!"

A typical country road led up to the camp site—dusty, broad, and with wide fields and a rolling country stretching beyond. Various groups of pedestrians plodded along the starlit highway, and they could hear the echoing tones of the leading extorter, ringing from the high knoll where the tent was pitched, long before they had it in view. All around vehicles were hitched to the trees that grew thickly about. Farm



ON THE MOURNERS' BENCH.

wagons, buggies, carryalls, buckboards, roadsters—all sorts of conveyances—were scattered around, and from the branches swung gasoline "blazers" and lanterns which lit up the grove.

The tent was a large one, and looped up at three sides. At the back a platform had been built, and an impromptu pulpit provided. Here the tent canvas came to the ground, and a bench on the platform occupied by the assistant exhorters was looked close to it. The revivalists were seven in number and the gathering of people before them



LOOKING AFTER TEMPORAL NEEDS.

was evidently drawn mainly from the surrounding district. Some were there purely for motives of idle curiosity, some were drawn there by a desire to study this strangest of all phases of life in rural communities and some were there, impelled by a vague uneasiness regarding the condition of their souls and their prospects for the future.

It was a gathering of saints and sinners, of devotees and scoffers. The preacher, a tall man with dark-brown beard and fairly regular features, held forth in trumpet tones, striding up and down the platform and swinging his long arms to emphasize his periods.

His voice rose to its full strength, his arms waved wildly and he strode up and down the platform. The circle of people seemed to gradually approach the speaker without any perceptible movement animating them. Suddenly a tall, heavily built negro woman, dressed in a bright-colored Mother Hubbard gown and with a jaunty little jockey cap cocked on her woolly head, threw her hands up and shouted, "Glory Ah Hah!" Then she rocked herself back and forth and began to moan and cry out inarticulately, and presently her excitement was communicated to others. A wild-eyed man of about 50 years pushed forward to the mourners' bench, dropped on his knees and began to rub his hands together and shout, "Hallelujah!"

ridiculed since they absolutely refused to go to the rescue of the enterprising journalist who threw himself recently into the Seine from the Pont de la Tournele to try their mettle, dogs are to have another official appointment in Paris.

The authorities at the Louvre are instituting a "dog service" to supplement the night guardians of the museum. This excellent innovation has been brought about by the action of an irrepressible journalist, who in his thirst for "copy" hid himself in one of the Roman sarcophagi when the doors of the great museum closed to the public at 5 in the evening. He was not discovered, and would have remained there all night with the whole of the priceless collection at his mercy had it not been that a friend to whom he had confided his intention wisely informed the authorities.

This fact conclusively proved the journalist's contention that the place was not properly guarded, and the authorities for once thought it was best "to shut the stable door before the horse was stolen," and so have settled that in future the night patrol will be accompanied by dogs who can be trusted to scout out intruders.

ITS 250TH ANNIVERSARY.

Old Maine Town that Dates Back to the Beginning of Our History. The town of York, Me., recently celebrated the 250th anniversary of its incorporation under its present name. Previous to this, however, the town existed under the name Gorgeana, so called after Sir Ferdinand Gorges, its founder, who received a land grant from the Plymouth Council in 1622.

York experienced its share of Indian depredations, and in 1692 nearly all its inhabitants were killed or captured by a band of French and Indians. The few



MARTINE GARRISON.

who escaped had found refuge in the fall and the McIntire garrison, both of which buildings still exist in good preservation, although the fall dates back to 1693 and the garrison building to 1623. In the revolutionary struggle York took a patriotic and noble part, and her sons were among those who helped to shape the policy and build up the Massachusetts commonwealth.

Absolutes in Paris. Within the last five years the consumption of absolute has doubled in Paris. The amount now drunk in a year is 8,000,000 bottles.

Patent Had Expired. Lou Field met Gus Rodgers on "The Rialto" a few days ago. After talking a few minutes, Field said: "Gus, what's become of those patent leather shoes you wore last winter?" "They have gone to the wall, Louie." "Why? Wasn't the leather good?" "Yes," said Gus, with a sigh, "but the patent expired."—New York Times.

Noah's Troubles. "Confound that dinosaur!" exclaimed Noah, as the ark gave such a lurch to starboard that the waves dashed against the roof. "I wish it would learn to stay on its own side of the boat!" Then Noah seized a handspike and started below deck to shift the cargo.—Ohio State Journal.

History and Paganism. "Pa," said the small boy, "did Peter the Great have any other name?" "Of course my son," answered the father promptly. "But there's no use of worrying about him now." "Is he dead?" "Oh, I don't know whether he's dead or not, but he's out of training, anyway."—

Putting It Gently. "But is she pretty?" "Well, I don't believe in talking about a girl's looks behind her back. Her father's worth about \$20,000,000, and they've taken her to Europe twice without bringing back any titles, so you can form your own opinion."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Delicate Point. "It seems to me Scaddington's wife as mad as a hornet every time he boasts that he began at the foot and worked his way up." "Well," he started as a bootblack, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Familiar. He—Hello, dere, Miss Smiff! He—Doan yo' flag me dat sudden, man. I ain't never seen yo' in all my life befo', an' ef yo' do it ag'in a lot o' people'll be walkin' slow behin' yo' tomorrow.—Baltimore World.

Summer Rest. Mrs. Jones—You didn't stay long over at Mrs. Brown's. Mr. Jones—No; the Brown family were all lying in their hammocks, and when I got tired of sitting I came home.—Detroit Free Press.

Speculation. Buzzer—Could you lend me \$100 or so until tomorrow? Buzzer—Going to play the races? Buzzer—Worse than that; I am going to a church fair with my wife.—Ohio State Journal.

Summer Angling. He—Indeed there's jolly good fishing about here. Miss Swift made a great catch when she was here last summer. She—Yes; that old man was worth at least a million.—Pittsburgh Press.

On the Move. "Hub! That's nothing. We usually have two in our house. One coming and one going."—Philadelphia Press.

An Armorial Opportunity. Sidney—Then you believe in a coat-of-arms? Rodney—Yes. Almost any newly-rich American girl can be benefitted by adopting a good Latin motto to live up to.—Puck.

MISS S. S. S. In February, 1890, I noticed a small lump on my lower lip. The doctor examined it but another came and broke out into an open sore. I began to take S. S. S. and after I had taken seven bottles the place healed entirely and no sign of the disease have been seen since. W. F. Brown, Hollands, S. O.

S. S. S. cleanses the blood of all decaying effete matter. It has great antiodal and purifying properties that soon destroy the germs and poisons and restore the blood to its natural condition. And when pure blood is carried to the ulcer or sore the healing process begins, the discharge ceases and the place heals over and new skin forms. S. S. S. is a strictly vegetable blood purifier containing no mercury or chemicals of any description.

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The People Next Door. Tommy—My, but those folks that's moved into the next house are swell! Johnny—How do you know? Tommy—They've got a clock that says ping, pong instead of tick, tock.—Chicago Tribune.

Decidedly Plain. "Did you notice what that lofty air that homely Miss Upmann carried herself?" "Yes. It was what you might call 'plain sailing.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Going to Meet. As it is talked nowadays: She—Are you going to go? Another She—Yes. Are you going to come for me?—Indianapolis News.

On the Move. "They have two servants." "Hub! That's nothing. We usually have two in our house. One coming and one going."—Philadelphia Press.

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Not the Usual Way. "Yes; he's going to marry the girl who used to work for him. Think of it!"

"Well, what of it? Most men marry a girl, and let her work for him, afterward."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Distance Lends Enchantment. Fisherman—When I reached home and weighed the fish, it tipped the scales at exactly five pounds.

Listener—But you said that when you caught the fish it weighed two pounds.

Fisherman—I know; but the place where I caught it was a long way from my home.—Ohio State Journal.

Man owes his feet a mighty debt, but little interest do they get, or ordinary care; Till corns and bunions come apace, Then which there's naughtier torments our race.

That's worse for us to bear; But they may painless walk who use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in their shoes.

Better Pies Than Mother Made. Fond Mother—Well, how do you like married life by this time? Son—O, first rate.

"Is your wife amiable?" "Extremely so." "Economic?" "Very."

"And does her cooking equal mine?" "Mother, I cannot tell a lie. When it comes to the culinary art, she's got you beat a block."—Chicago News.

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An Exaggerated Impression. "Yes," said the mystical Asiatic, "we hope to have our people civilized before long."

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